

POEMS BY
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

9

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY THE RIGHT REV.
W. BOYD CARPENTER
BISHOP OF RIPON

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six years, yes, two years were too long to wait to say that gracefully which needed to be said now with the whole soul. Therefore he poured out his songs for freedom, singing the same theme in various forms, heedless whether he repeated the same notes or the same harmonies, so long as he sent out his music into the heart of the nation. Whatever criticism may urge against the polish of his poems, Whittier's persistence won its reward: all through the country it was felt that he more than any other singer had expressed for many years the thoughts that were growing up in the nation's heart. When, therefore, the nation realized at last its own natural and necessary love of liberty, Whittier was recognized in a special sense as the poet of the people. The story is told that when the great war was ended and the cause of the slave had been secured, someone asked, Who is the best American poet? When Horace Greeley replied, "Whittier", all who were present acquiesced. The answer represented the popular feeling, which then gratefully acknowledged how much America owed to the singer who, in season and out of season, through ill report and good report, had appealed to America to be worthy of herself and of the best traditions of her past. It was, however, a popular, and to a large extent, of

course, an emotional verdict: it held a truth, —but it is no disparagement of that truth to say that no critic to-day on either side of the Atlantic would give to Whittier the chief place among the poets of America, even if we could ignore the works of the last forty years. He lacks the art of condensation; he has therefore left few of those striking and inevitable passages which, because they are both pregnant in sense and persuasive in form, become an immediate and inalienable possession of the memory. He had a message, but he had not appropriated the lesson, “*esto brevis*”; much that he wrote can readily be forgotten: his verses seldom cleave persistently to the mind, and among the few lines and phrases which haunt the memory some leave the ear unsatisfied, as when one listens to a piece of uncompleted music.

But though there is sometimes an amazing exuberance, and at others the feeling of something lacking, there is genuine feeling, real fancy, and an ardent conviction of a message to be delivered in the writings of Whittier. Brought up on the farm, he was, it is said, inspired by Burns; but he was inspired by something deeper than the mere call of a brother poet, he was inspired by the deep, passionate love of freedom, which became an ardent hatred of wrong, and of any institu-

tions which seemed to him to make for wrong: the memory of the oppressions from which his ancestors or co-religionists had suffered at the hands of the Puritans of Massachusetts was not absent from his mind; the love of liberty was an inheritance and a passion. The question of slavery and the danger of secession in the United States gave Whittier his opportunity, and he became pre-eminently the poet of emancipation: his voice strengthened and inspired multitudes in the anxious years which culminated in the bloody war of 1861-1865. It is thus that we must first think of him; but it should never be forgotten that the man who can utter his indignant protest against those who favoured tyranny—

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong—

was a man of meek spirit and of tolerant mind, worshipping charity as ardently as he worshipped freedom. He loved nature and delighted to note her changing moods, he knew that however much her face might alter her heart was the same; and this thought he loved to carry into his estimate of men. He could look with a magnanimous and kindly

eye upon their varying rites and opposing forms. "We can do without a church," he said, "but we cannot do without God, and of Him we are sure." Hence all aspects of God's world, and all the changing moods and emotions of men appealed to him: he loved to tell the legend which revealed the hearts of men; he loved to sing of "the hawks at twilight", of "sunny hills" and "autumn-brown", of the black squadron of the ducks, or the loud call of the geese. The author of the *Voices of Freedom* and of the *Songs of the War* was the author of "Snow Bound", "The Merrimac", and "The Norsemen"; and the author of these was also the author of "The Eternal Goodness".

In the selection which follows I have tried to give a fair representation of the poet in all his moods, and to show him as he was at the different periods of his long life. For the rest, John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts (U.S.A.), in 1807: the exact day seems doubtful; the date usually given is December 17th, but in a letter written to Mr. Linton the poet writes: "My birthday was the very last of the year 1807". He died in 1892. On his seventieth birthday his brother poets and contemporaries offered to him a fitting and spontaneous homage, and after he died, his house at Amesbury was

preserved as a memorial of one who, through a long and blameless life, had served every noble cause with an unstinting and single-minded devotion.

W. B. RIPON.



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SNOW-BOUND

Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,

SNOW-BOUND

A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes
and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile
showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;

SNOW-BOUND

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the
gleam

On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing
free.

The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the
tree,*

*When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea*".

SNOW-BOUND

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp
ravine

Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,

SNOW-BOUND

The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!

SNOW-BOUND

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
"The Chief of Gambia's golden shore".
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
As if a far-blown trumpet stirred
The languorous sin-sick air, I heard:
 *"Does not the voice of reason cry,
 Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
 Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"*
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and sump
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease

SNOW-BOUND

Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cocheco town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free,
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways,)
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow
grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave

SNOW-BOUND

From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.

Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,

SNOW-BOUND

Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows
told,
Or Hermes who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
Content to live where life began;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view,—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the
mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.

SNOW-BOUND

In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The musk-rat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
 The drizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,^a
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay,
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dries so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;

SNOW-BOUND

Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed in the unfading green
And holy peace of Paradise.

SNOW-BOUND

To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee pedlars and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Arachthus took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took

SNOW-BOUND

In trained thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed, of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous
growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of cast refute,
Old forms remould, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labour's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.

SNOW-BOUND

Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has
run

The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A life-long discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.

It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should
stand

Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,

SNOW-BOUND

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At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,

Pointed with mutely warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.
 That sign the pleasant circle broke:
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
 And laid it tenderly away,
 Then roused himself to safely cover
 The dull red brands with ashes over.
 And while, with care, our mother laid
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness
 For food and shelter, warmth and health,
 And love's contentment more than wealth,
 With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
 That none might lack, that bitter night,
 For bread and clothing, warmth and
 light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
 The wind that round the gables roared,
 With now and then a ruder shock,
 Which made our very bedsteads rock.
 We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
 The board-nails snapping in the frost;
 And on us, through the unplastered wall,
 Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.

SNOW-BOUND

But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
 From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,
 rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
 And woodland paths that wound be-
 tween
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighted.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,

Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
 Haply the watchful young men saw
 Sweet doorway pictures of the girls
 And curious eyes of merry girls
 Lifting their hands in mock defiance
 Against the snow-ball's compliment
 And reading in each missive line
 The charm with Eden never lost

We heard once more the sleigh-bell
 sound;

And, following where the sleigh had
 The wise old Doctor from his study
 Just pausing at our door to say
 In the brief autocratic way
 Of one who, prompt at his own call
 Was free to urge her claim to all
 That some poor neighbor might want
 At night our mother's aid was sent
 For, one in generous thought and deed
 What mattered in the common need
 The Quaker matron's fervent love
 The Doctor's mail of Calvary above
 All hearts confess the spirit true
 Who, twain in faith, in love were one
 And melt not in an acid snow
 The Christian pearl of glory

So days went on: a week had passed
 Since the great world was heard from last

SNOW-BOUND

The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and re-read our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft M'Gregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetos winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding knell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;

SNOW-BOUND

Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed
trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.

WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH

Once, in the old Colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the winding
ways

Of Hampton River to that low shore,
Full of a goodly company
Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to
right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid
Their scythes to the swaths of salted
grass,

“Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!”
A young man sighed, who saw them
pass.

Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

“Fie on the witch!” cried a merry girl,
As they rounded the point where Goody
Cole

Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.

“Oho!” she muttered, “ye’re brave to-
day!

But I hear the little waves laugh and say,

WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH

'The broth will be cold that waits at home;

For it's one to go, but another to come!'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper; "speak her fair:

I'm scary always to see her shake
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,

And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."

But merrily still, with laugh and shout,
From Hampton River the boat sailed out,
Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed
nigh,

And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,
Drawing up haddock and mottled cod;
They saw not the Shadow that walked
beside,

They heard not the feet with silence
shod.

But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
Shot by the lightnings through and
through;

And muffled growls, like the growl of a
beast,

Ran along the sky from west to east

WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH

“Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake!

Leave your dead for the hearts that break!”

Solemn it was in that old day

In Hampton town and its log-built church,

Where side by side the coffins lay,

And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.

In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,

The voices faltered that raised the hymn,

And Father Dalton, grave and stern,

Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray;

Under the weight of his fourscore years

He stood apart with the iron-gray

Of his strong brows knitted to hide his tears;

And a fair-faced woman of doubtful fame,

Linking her own with his honoured name,

Subtle as sin, at his side withstood

The felt reproach of her neighbourhood.

Apart with them, like them forbid,

Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,

WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH

As, two by two, with their faces hid,
The mourners walked to the burying-ground.
She let the staff from her clasped hands
fall;
"Lord, forgive us! we're sinners all!"
And the voice of the old man answered her:
"Amen!" said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore
In the calm of a closing summer day,
And the broken lines of Hampton shore
In purple mist of cloudland lay,
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told;
And waves aglow with sunset gold,
Rising and breaking in steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once
more

With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
In the east was moon-rise with boats off-
shore

And sails in the distance drifting slow.
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth
bar,

The White Isle kindled its great red star;
And life and death in my old-time lay
Mingled in peace like the night and day!

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

Knight who on the birchen tree
Carved his savage heraldry?
Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim?

Rugged type of primal man,
Grim utilitarian,
Loving woods for hunt and prowl,
Lake and hill for fish and fowl,
As the brown bear blind and dull
To the grand and beautiful:

Not for him the lesson drawn
From the mountains smit with dawn.
Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,
Sunset's purple bloom of day,—
Took his life no hue from thence,
Poor amid such affluence?

Haply unto hill and tree
All too near akin was he:
Unto him who stands afar
Nature's marvels greatest are;
Who the mountain purple seeks
Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows in winter tramp,
Or the midnight of the camp,
What revealings faint and far,
Stealing down from moon and star,

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

Kindled in that human clod
Thought of destiny and God?

Stateliest forest patriarch,
Grand in robes of skin and bark,
What sepulchral mysteries,
What weird funeral-rites, were his?
What sharp wail, what drear lament,
Back scared wolf and eagle sent?

Now, whate'er he may have been,
Low he lies as other men;
On his mound the partridge drums,
There the noisy blue-jay comes;
Rank nor name nor pomp has he
In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake!
Mass-grown rocks, your silence break!
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree!
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee!
Speak, and tell us how and when
Lived and died this king of men!

Wordless moans the ancient pine;
Lake and mountain give no sign;
Vain to trace this ring of stones;
Vain the search of crumbling bones:
Deepest of all mysteries,
And the saddest, silence is.

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay
Mingles slowly day by day;
But somewhere, for good or ill,
That dark soul is living still;
Somewhere yet that atom's force
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,
While the soul's dark horoscope
Holds no starry sign of hope!
Is the Unseen with sight at odds?
Nature's pity more than God's?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,
While the summer eventide
Made the woods and inland sea
And the mountains mystery;
And the hush of earth and air
Seemed the pause before a prayer,—

Prayer for him, for all who rest,
Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid
In rock-cave or pyramid:
All who sleep, as all who live,
Well may need the prayer, "Forgive!"

Desert-smothered caravan,
Knee-deep dust that once was man,

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

Battle-trenches ghastly piled,
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,
Crowded tomb and mounded sod,
Dumbly crave that prayer to God.

Oh, the generations old
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies!
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts?
Where the camping-ground of ghosts?
Where the spectral conscripts led
To the white tents of the dead?
What strange shore or chartless sea
Holds the awful mystery?

Then the warm sky stooped to make
Double sunset in the lake;
While above I saw with it,
Range on range, the mountains lit;
And the calm and splendour stole
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,
What to thee the mountain saith,
What is whispered by the trees?—
"Cast on God thy care for these;

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

When, drifting in the winds of praise,
The inward monitor obeys;
And, with the boldness that confesses fear,
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his
conscience steer.

"Thanks for the fitting word he speaks,
Nor less for doubtful word unspoken;
For the false model that he breaks,
As for the moulded grace unbroken;
For what is missed and what remains,
For losses which are truest gains,
For reverence conscious of the Eternal eye,
And truth too fair to need the garnish of
a lie."

Laughing, the Critic bowed. "I yield
The point without another word;
Who ever yet a case appealed
Where beauty's judgment had been
heard?
And you, my good friend, owe to me
Your warmest thanks for such a plea,
As true withal as sweet. For my offence
Of cavil, let her words be ample recom-
pense."

Across the sea one lighthouse' star,
With crimson ray that came and went,

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE

Revolving on its tower afar,
Looked through the doorway of the
tent.

While outward, over sand-slopes wet,
The lamp flashed down its yellow jet
On the long wash of waves, with red and
green
Tangles of weltering weed through the
white foam-wreaths seen.

" 'Sing while we may,—another day
May bring enough of sorrow;'—thus
Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,
His Crimean camp-song, hints to us,"
The lady said. "So let it be;
Sing us a song," exclaimed all three.
She smiled: "I can but marvel at your
choice

- To hear our poet's words through my poor
borrowed voice."

Her window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there at dawn and set of day

In prayer she kneels:
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "to many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I can see the teeming foam
Of stranger keels.

The Brother of Mercy



Piero Luca, known of all the town
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall
Where the noon shadows of the gardens
 fall,
Sick and in dolour, waited to lay down
His last sad burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden
 drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val
 d'Arno sifted;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or
 strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life:
But when at last came upward from the
 street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in
 vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.

THE BROTHER OF MERCY

And the monk said, "'Tis but the Brother-
hood

Of Mercy going on some errand good:
Their black masks by the palace-wall I
see."

Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new
task

Of love or pity,—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with
feet

Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish
brain,

To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
Down the long twilight of the corridors,
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
I loved the work: it was its own reward.
I never counted on it to offset

My sins, which are many, or make less
my debt

To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of
me,

I should not know myself, if lacking it.
But with the work the worker too would
die.

THE BROTHER OF MERCY

And of a voice like that of her who bore
him,

Tender and most compassionate: "Never
fear!

For heaven is love, as God himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo! in the stern
monk's place

He saw the shining of an angel's face!

1864.

The Traveller broke the pause. "I've
seen

The Brothers down the long street steal,
Black, silent, masked, the crowd between,

And felt to doff my hat and kneel
With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,
For blessings on their pious care."

The Reader wiped his glasses:

"Friends of mine,
We'll try our home-brewed next, instead
of foreign wine."

The Palatine



Leagues north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Mont-
tauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the Island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimmers of sun beyond;

THE PALATINE

Which, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times, with shudder or
 laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Mon-
 tauk light
The spectre kinder and bolder in sight

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leans on the castle tower of old

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung
sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save
where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that
which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-
yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on
leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labour died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears
grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet
shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of
Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as
he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim
as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"

Some said; and then, as if with one accord,

All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.

He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice

The intolerable hush. "This well may be

The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;

But be it so or not, I only know

My present duty, and my Lord's command

To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,

I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—

No faithless servant frightened from my task,

But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;

And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,

Let God do His work, we will see to ours.

Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

Which they who heard would hear
again;
And to her voice the solemn ocean lent,
Touching its harp of sand, a deep accompaniment.

The Worship of Nature



The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim



Hail to posterity!
Hail, future men of Germanopolis!
Let the young generations yet to be
Look kindly upon this.
Think how your fathers left their native
land,—
Dear German-land! O sacred hearths
and homes!—
And, where the wild beast roams,
In patience planned
New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,
There undisturbed and free
To live as brothers of one family.
What pains and cares befell,
What trials and what fears,
Remember, and wherein we have done
well
Follow our footsteps, men of coming
years!
Where we have failed to do
Aright, or wisely live,
Be warned by us, the better way pursue,
And, knowing we were human, even as
you;

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Pity us and forgive!
Farewell, Posterity,
Farewell, dear Germany!
For evermore farewell!

—*From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL
PASTORIUS in the Germantown
Records. 1688.*

PRELUDE

I sing the Pilgrim of a softer clime
And milder speech than those brave
men's who brought
To the ice and iron of our winter time
A will as firm, a creed as stern, and
wrought
With one mailed hand, and with the
other fought.
Simply, as fits my theme, in homely rhyme
I sing the blue-eyed German Spenser
taught,
Through whose veiled, mystic faith the
Inward Light,
Steady and still, and easy brightness,
shone,
Transfiguring all things in its radiance
white.
The garland which his meekness never
sought

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

I bring him; over fields of harvest sown
With seeds of blessing, now to ripeness
 grown,
I bid the sower pass before the reapers'
 sight.

Never in tenderer quiet lapsed the day
From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,
Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets
 lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar
Of purple cloud, on which the evening star
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through
 the deep
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to
 creep,
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of
 sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their
 ploughs
Rested at last, and from their long day's
 browse
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-
 bound cows.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

And the young city, round whose virgin
zone

The rivers like two mighty arms were
thrown,

Marked by the smoke of evening fires
alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then
With its fair women and its stately men
Gracing the forest court of William Penn,

Urban yet sylvan; in its rough-hewn
frames

Of oak and pine the dryads held their
claims,

And lent its streets their pleasant woodland
names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane
Looked city-ward, then stooped to prune
again

Her vines and simples, with a sigh of
pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset paled
In the oak clearing, and, as daylight failed,
Slow, overhead, the dusky night-birds
sailed.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Again she looked: between green walls of
shade,
With low-bent head as if with sorrow
weighed,
Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

"God's peace be with thee, Anna!" Then
he stood
Silent before her, wrestling with the mood
Of one who sees the evil and not good.

"What is it, my Pastorius?" As she
spoke,
A slow, faint smile across his features
broke,
Sadder than tears. "Dear heart," he said,
"our folk

"Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest
Friends
Are frail; our elders have their selfish
ends,
And few dare trust the Lord to make
amends

"For duty's loss. So even our feeble word
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting
heard
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred;

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

" And, as the clerk ceased reading, there
began

A ripple of dissent which downward ran
In widening circles, as from man to man.

" Somewhat was said of running before sent,
Of tender fear that some their guide out-
went,

Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

" On hearing, for behind the reverend row
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous
show,

I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

" And, in the spirit, I was taken where
They toiled and suffered; I was made aware
Of shame and wrath and anguish and
despair!

" And while the meeting smothered our
poor plea

With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed
to be,

'As ye have done to these ye do to me!'

" So it all passed; and the old tithe went on
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun
Set, leaving still the weightier work un-
done.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

“Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work and
wait,
Remains for us. The wrong indeed is
great,
But love and patience conquer soon or
late.”

“Well hast thou said, my Anna!” Tenderer
Than youth’s caress upon the head of her
Pastorius laid his hand. “Shall we demur

“Because the vision tarrieth? In an hour
We dream not of, the slow-grown bud may
flower,
And what was sown in weakness rise in
power!”

Then through the vine-draped door whose
legend read,
“Procul este profani!” Anna led
To where their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. “Dear heart,”
she said, “if we
Must bearers of a heavy burden be,
Our boy, God willing, yet the day shall
see

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

“ When, from the gallery to the farthest
seat,
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer
meet,
But all sit equal at the Master's feet.”

On the stone hearth the blazing walnut
block
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed the
cock
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physic,
side
By side with Fox and Behmen, played at
hide
And seek with Anna, midst her household
pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but where,
Tasting the fat shads of the Delaware,

The courtly Penn had praised the good-
wife's cheer,
And quoted Horace o'er her home-brewed
beer,
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to hear.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Besought him that her sons, beside his
throne,
Might sit on either hand? Amidst his own
A stranger oft, companionless and lone,

God's priest and prophet stands. The
martyr's pain
Is not alone from scourge and cell and
chain;
Sharper the pang when, shouting in his
train,

His weak disciples by their lives deny
The loud hosannas of their daily cry,
And make their echo of his truth a lie.

His forest home no hermit's cell he found,
Guests, motley-minded, drew his hearth
around,
And held armed truce upon its neutral
ground.

There Indian chiefs with battle-bows un-
strung,
Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom
Homer sung,
Pastorius fancied, when the world was
young,

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Came with their tawny women, lithe and
tall,
Like bronzes in his friend Von Rodeck's
hall,
Comely, if black, and not unpleasing all.

There hungry folk in homespun drab and
gray
Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting
day,
Genial, half merry in their friendly way.

Or, haply, pilgrims from the Fatherland,
Weak, timid, home-sick, slow to under-
stand
The New World's promise, sought his
helping hand.

Or painful Kelpius from his hermit den
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,
Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of
Petersen.

Deep in the woods, where the small river
slid
Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic
hid,
Weird as a wizard, over arts forbid,

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

For soul touched soul; the spiritual treasure-trove

Made all men equal, none could rise above
Nor sink below that level of God's love.

So, with his rustic neighbours sitting down,
The homespun frock beside the scholar's gown,

Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and sought
The bookless wisdom by experience taught,
And learned to love his new-found home,
while not

Forgetful of the old; the seasons went
Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit lent

Of their own calm and measureless content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin sing
His song of welcome to the Western spring,
And bluebird borrowing from the sky his wing.

And when the miracle of autumn came,
And all the woods with many-coloured flame
Of splendour, making summer's greenness tame,

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without a
 sound
Spake to him from each kindled bush
 around,
And made the strange, new landscape holy
 ground!

And when the bitter north-wind, keen and
 swift,
Swept the white street and piled the door-
 yard drift,
He exercised, as Friends might say, his
 gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like the
 hash
Of corn and beans in Indian succotash;
Dull, doubtless, but with here and there a
 flash

Of wit and fine conceit,—the good man's
 play
Of quiet fancies, meet to while away
The slow hours measuring off an idle day.

At evening, while his wife put on her look
Of love's endurance, from its niche he
 took
The written pages of his ponderous book.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

And read, in half the languages of man,
His *Rusca Apium*, which with bees began,
And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some
friend

In gray Altorf or storied Nürnberg penned
Dropped in upon him like a guest to spend

The night beneath his roof-tree. Mystical
The fair Von Merlau spake as waters fall
And voices sound in dreams, and yet withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low tone,
Over the roses of her gardens blown
Brought the warm sense of beauty all her
own.

Wise Spener questioned what his friend
could trace

Of spiritual influx or of saving grace
In the wild natures of the Indian race.

And learned Schurmberg, fain, at times,
to look

From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and Penta-
teuch,

Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest range,
Of flowers and fruits and simples new and
strange.

And thus the Old and New World reached
their hands
Across the water, and the friendly lands
Talked with each other from their severed
strands.

Pastorius answered all: while seed and
root
Sent from his new home grew to flower
and fruit
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's foot;

And, in return, the flowers his boyhood
knew
Smiled at his door, the same in form and
hue,
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters
grew.

No idler he; whoever else might shirk,
He set his hand to every honest work,—
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting
clerk.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Still on the town seal his device is found,
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil
ground,
With "Vinum, Linum et Textrinum"
wound.

One house sufficed for gospel and for law,
Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text
and saw,
Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.

Whatever legal maze he wandered through,
He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,
And justice always into mercy grew.

No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor
jail,
Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief grew
pale
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

The usurer's grasp released the forfeit
land;
The slanderer faltered at the witness-stand,
And all men took his counsel for command.

Was it caressing air, the brooding love
Of tenderer skies than German land knew
of,
Green calm below, blue quietness above,

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood
That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of
 hate,
Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal
 to wait
The slow assurance of the better state?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner
 way
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blew round the men of Massachusetts
 Bay?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?
What hints of pitiless power and terror
 spoke
In waves that on their iron coast-line
 broke?

Be it as it may: within the Land of Penn
The sectary yielded to the citizen,
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung
The air to madness, and no steeple flung
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

The land slept well. The Indian from his
face

Washed all his war-paint off, and in the
place

Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white man's
side,—

Giving to kindness what his native pride
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the old
Traditions that his swarthy neighbours told
By wigwam fires when nights were grow-
ing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their fancy
drew

Its dreams, and held their childish faith
more true

To God and man than half the creeds he
knew.

The desert blossomed round him; wheat-
fields rolled

Beneath the warm wind waves of green
and gold;

The planted ear returned its hundred-fold.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun
Than that which by the Rhine stream
 shines upon
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'er-
 run.

About each rustic porch the humming-bird
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal
 stirred,
The Old World flowers to virgin soil trans-
 ferred;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple,
 bending
The young boughs down, their gold and
 russet blending,
Made glad his heart, familiar odours
 lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,
Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine,
And all the subtle scents the woods com-
 bine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in sum-
 mer calm,
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with wood-
 land balm,
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed
 psalm

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

And, greeting all with quiet smile and
word,
Pastorius went his way. The unscared
bird
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel
stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or
trod,
He felt the peace of nature and of God.

His social life wore no ascetic form,
He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran
warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,
He made his own no circuit-judge to try
The freer conscience of his neighbours by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was
shown,
The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,

And faithful to all scruples, finds at last
The thorns and shards of duty overpast,
And daily life, beyond his hope's forecast,

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Reach out of space. A Voice spake in his
ear,
And lo! all other voices far and near
Died at that whisper, full of meanings
clear.

The Light of Life shone round him; one
by one
The wandering lights, that all-misleading
run,
Went out like candles paling in the sun.

That Light he followed, step by step,
where'er
It led, as in the vision of the seer
The wheels moved as the spirit in the
clear

And terrible crystal moved, with all their
eyes
Watching the living splendour sink or
rise,
Its will their will, knowing no otherwise.

Within himself he found the law of right,
He walked by faith and not the letter's
sight,
And read his Bible by the Inward Light.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

And if sometimes the slaves of form and
rule,
Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's
pool,
Tried the large tolerance of his liberal
school,

His door was free to men of every name,
He welcomed all the seeking souls who
came,
And no man's faith he made a cause of
blame.

But best he loved in leisure hours to see
His own dear Friends sit by him knee
to knee,
In social converse, genial, frank, and free.

There sometimes silence (it were vain to
tell
Who owned it first) upon the room
Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and all its
spell

On the black boy who sat by the
hearth,
To solemnize his life with prayer and
song
Only the old clock ticked its
(B 290)

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

Of sound; nor eye was raised nor hand
 was stirred
In that soul-sabbath, till at last some
 word
Of tender counsel or low prayer was
 heard.

Then guests, who lingered but farewell to
 say
And take love's message, went their home-
 ward way;
So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's
 day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age of
 Gold,
A truer idyl than the bards have told
Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of
 burial keep,
And century-rooted mosses o'er it creep,
The Nürnberg scholar and his helpmeet
 sleep.

And Anna's aloë? If it flowered at last
In Bartram's garden, did John Woolman
 cast
A glance upon it as he meekly passed?

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

And did a secret sympathy possess
That tender soul, and for the slave's
 redress
Lend hope, strength, patience? It were
 vain to guess.

Nay, were the plant itself but mythical,
Set in the fresco of tradition's wall
Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not
 at all.

Enough to know that, through the winter's
 frost
And summer's heat, no seed of truth is lost,
And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and air,
God sent the answer to his life-long
 prayer;
The child was born beside the Delaware,

Who, in the power a holy purpose lends,
Guided his people unto nobler ends,
And left them worthier of the name of
 Friends.

And lo! the fulness of the time has come,
And over all the exile's Western home,
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom
 bloom!

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets
 blow;

But not for thee, Pastorius! Even so
The world forgets, but the wise angels
 know.

The Norsemen



Gift from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast,
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

- The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam;
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore;
And cultured field and peopled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing
The home-life sound of school-bells ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,—

THE NORSEMEN

A spell is in this old gray stone,
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change!—The steepled town no more
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud:
Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood;
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand;
It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill;
And leans from cliff and crag to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow for ever!
I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark!—from wood and rock flung
back,

What sound comes up the Merrimac?
What sea-worn barks are those which
throw

The light spray from each rushing pr

THE NORSEMEN

The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons
well;

Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'Tis past,—the 'wilderer vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air,
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again;
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiselled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim,
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not,—for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.
Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,

THE NORSEMEN

Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again,
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper—even when it seems
But Memory's fantasy of dreams—
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

1841.

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK

“Why sitt’st thou here, Cassandra?—Be-
think thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the
warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble on
foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in
golden hair.

“Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens,
not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods
by laughing boys are broken;
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy
lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of autumn the youth-
ful hunters braid.

“O weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fan-
cies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path
to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teach-
ing pure and sound,
And mate with maniac women, loose-
haired and sackcloth bound,—

“Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who
mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy
bread and wine;

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK

“Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack
with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the
roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would
sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear
this child away!”

“Well answered, worthy captain, shame on
their cruel laws!”
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud
the people’s just applause.
“Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel
of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again
for silver sold?”

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon
half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of
bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned
in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode
murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in
bitterness of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground,
and crushed his parchment roll.

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's
twilight calm

Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth
the grateful psalm;

Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did
the saints of old,

When of the Lord's good angel the rescued
Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and
mighty men of wrong,

The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay
His hand upon the strong.

Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging
hour!

Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to
raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise, the poor,
in heart be glad,

And let the mourning ones again with
robes of praise be clad.

For He who cooled the furnace, and
smoothed the stormy wave,

And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty
still to save!

1843.

SONG OF THE FREE

Up to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be:
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh, never!
By our own birthright-gift,
Granted of Heaven,—
Freedom for heart and lip,
Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Stern and stronger;
Still be the tones of truth
Louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur;
God and our charter's right,
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,—
Never, oh, never!

1836.

SONG OF THE FREE

Up to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be:
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh, never!
By our own birthright-gift,
Granted of Heaven,—
Freedom for heart and lip,
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God and our charter's right,
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,—
Never, oh, never!

1836.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer
to the call

Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke
out from Faneuil Hall?

When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came
pulsing on each breath

Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds
of "Liberty or Death!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now
her sons have proved

False to their fathers' memory, false to
the faith they loved,

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great
charter spurn,

Must we of Massachusetts from truth and
duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from
Slavery's hateful hell;

Our voices, at your bidding, take up the
bloodhound's yell;

We gather, at your summons, above our
fathers' graves,

From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear
your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massa-
chusetts bow;

The spirit of her early time is with her
even now;

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free
sons and daughters,
Deep calling unto deep aloud, the sound
of many waters!

Against the burden of that voice what
tyrant power shall stand?

No fetters in the Bay State! No slave
upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness
we have borne,

In answer to our faith and trust, your
insult and your scorn;

You've spurned our kindest counsels;
you've hunted for our lives;

And shaken round our hearths and homes
your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war, we lift no arm, we
fling no torch within

The fire-damps of the quaking mine be-
neath your soil of sin;

We leave ye with your bondmen, to
wrestle, while ye can,

With the strong upward tendencies and
godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow
which we have given

For freedom and humanity is registered
in heaven;

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Old Flóyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not
be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse re-
frain:

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr’d and futherr’d an’ corr’d in a
corr’t
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so
blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr’d and futherr’d an’ corr’d in a
corr’t
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

“Hear me, neighbours!” at last he cried,—
“What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the
dead!”

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! why should
we?"

Said an old wife mourning her only ~~son~~,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him
run!"

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and
sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart

By the women of Marblehead!

1857.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd and futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

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Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
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Of the fields so green and the sky so
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Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the
dead!"

Telling the Bees



Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took:
You can see the gap in the old wall
still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow
brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-
barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the
cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the
wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the
sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-
o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

TELLING THE BEES

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same
sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year
ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in
the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my
hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow
and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at
last
On the little red gate and the well-
sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,

TELLING THE BEES

The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the
door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

~~Bees~~ them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of
black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of
one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the door-
way sill,
With his cane to his chin,

TELLING THE BEES

The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—

“Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!”

Maud
Muller

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

MAUD MULLER

And asked a draught from the spring
that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled
up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

at oft, in his marble hearth's bright
glow,
e watched a picture come and go;

id sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
looked out in their innocent surprise.

ft, when the wine in his glass was red,
e longed for the wayside well instead;

nd ~~closed~~ his eyes on his garnished
rooms
o dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

nd the proud man sighed, with a secret
pain,
Ah, that I were free again!

Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her
hay."

he wedded a man unlearned and poor,
nd many children played round her
door.

ut care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
left their traces on heart and brain.

nd oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

MAUD MULLER

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been".

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

1863.

Laus Deo!

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING
ON THE PASSAGE OF THE
CONSTITUTIONAL AMEND-
MENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY



It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel!

How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

• Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.

Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.

Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

LAUS DEO!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about

ADAM'S DEED

Shall a fresher life beget
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy cage
On the dead and buried slud

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth,
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that the King,
Who alone is Lord and God.

To the Thirty-
Ninth Congress



O people-chosen! are ye not
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,
To do His will and speak His word?

From the loud thunder-storm of war
Not man alone hath called ye forth,
But He, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands
He quenches; unto Him belongs
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,
And not by cell or gallows-stair
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers: Keep
Your manhood, bend no suppliant knees,
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail
Of starving men; we shut in vain
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS

What words can drown that bitter cry?
What tears wash out the stain of death?
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim;
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours;
We bend above our triumphs won
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all
By one brave, generous action; trust
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,
Take hands from off the negro's throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To labour's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will;
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,
Your loss the wealth of full amends,
And hate be love, and foes be friends.

To the Thirty- Ninth Congress



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Enough of blood the land has seen,
And not by cell or gallows-stair
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers: Keep
Your manhood, bend no suppliant knees,
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail
Of starving men; we shut in vain
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS

What words can drown that bitter cry?
What tears wash out the stain of death?
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim;
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours;
We bend above our triumphs won
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all
By one brave, generous action; trust
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,
Take hands from off the negro's throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To labour's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will;
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,
Your loss the wealth of full amends,
And hate be love, and foes be friends.

THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS

Then buried be the dreadful past,
Its common slain be mourned, and let
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all,—

And Freedom break her marble trance
Above the Capitolian dome,
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome home!

November, 1865.

The Reformer



All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

THE REFORMER

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

Oh, backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart! the Waster builds again,—
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

THE REFORMER

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light!

1846.

Gone



Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
A sound which could not die.

GONE

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps
pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

GONE

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

1845.

Ichabod

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Reville him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonoured brow.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE

And, speech-confounded, build again
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centred self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the Future from the Past;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Thorough the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,
The rounding seasons come and go,
The tided oceans ebb and flow;
The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening course,
O'erlap and move the universe;
The workings of the law whence springs
The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,
And orbs in heaven the morning star.
Of all I see, in earth and sky,—
Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part have I?
This conscious life,—is it the same
Which thrills the universal frame,

QUESTIONS OF LIFE

Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest roots,
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When Spring makes green her native dells?
How feels the stone the pang of birth,
Which brings its sparkling prism forth?
The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery, -
The wonder which it is to be? •
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness,
Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence?

• In vain to me the Sphinx propounds
The riddle of her sights and sounds;
Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives.
What sings the brook? What oracle
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell?
What may the wind's low burden be?
The meaning of the moaning sea?
The hieroglyphics of the stars?
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE

Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,
The solemn-thoughted Plato said;
Nor lack I tokens, great or small,
Of God's clear light in each and all,
While holding with more dear regard
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,
The starry pages promise-fit
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,
Thy miracle of life and death,
O Holy One of Nazareth!

On Aztec ruins, gray and lone,
The circling serpent coils in stone,
Type of the endless and unknown;
Whereof we seek the clue to find,
With groping fingers of the blind!
For ever sought, and never found,
We trace that serpent-symbol round
Our resting-place, our starting bound!
Oh, thriftlessness of dream and guess!
Oh, wisdom which is foolishness!
Why idly seek from outward things
The answer inward silence brings?
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near?
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
A nearer view of heaven to gain?
In lowliest depths of bosky dells
The hermit Contemplation dwells.

Burns

ON RECEIVING A
SPRIG OF HEATHER
IN BLOSSOM



No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover;
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

BURNS

The dews that washed the dust and cold
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky, that streaked the ground of gold
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer days,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the hayings;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read "The Twa Dogs'" story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

BURNS

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet Soul of Song! I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render;
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendour!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

BURNS

Give lettered ramp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but last;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary!

1851.

The Barefoot Boy



Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.

The Gift of Tritemius



Tritemius of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,
A sound which seemed of all sad things
 to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain
 whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by
 that cry;
And, looking from the casement, saw
 below
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who
 cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him
 who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage
 save,—

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

My beautiful, brave first-born, chained
with slaves

In the Moor's galley, where the rude salt
waves

Lap the white walls of Tadmor's prison

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy
word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious
Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled!)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy
child."

But his hand trembled as the holy, alms
He placed within the beggar's eager
palms;
And as she vanished down the linden
shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness
prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight
came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to be-
hold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

1857.

Trinitas



At morn I prayed, "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me".

I wandered forth, the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favour dropped the rain;
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, "Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,—
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

TRINITAS

“The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three
are One!”

I shut my grave Aquinas fast;
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, “Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!”

1858.

My Psalm



I mourn no more my vanished years:
 Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again. •

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear;
'But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
 To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
 Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

Andrew Rykman's Prayer

Andrew Rykman's dead and gone;
You can see his leaning slate
In the graveyard, and thereon
Read his name and date.

"Trust is truer than our fears,"
Runs the legend through the moss,
"Gain is not in added years,
Nor in death is loss."

Still the feet that thither trod,
All the friendly eyes are dim;
Only Nature, now, and God
Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,
Singing birds and soft winds stray:
Shall the tender Heart of all
Be less kind than they?

What he was and what he is
They who ask may haply find,
If they read this prayer of his
Which he left behind.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare
Shape in words a mortal's prayer!
Prayer, that, when my day is done,
And I see its setting sun,
Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,
Sink beneath the horizon's rim,—
When this ball of rock and clay
Crumbles from my feet away,
And the solid shores of sense
Melt into the vague immense,
Father! I may come to Thee •
Even with the beggar's plea,
As the poorest of Thy poor,
With my needs, and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home
With a step assured I come;
Still behind the tread I hear
Of my life-companion, Fear;
Still a shadow deep and vast
From my westering feet is cast,
Wavering, doubtful, undefined,
Never shapen nor outlined:
From myself the fear has grown,
And the shadow is my own.
Yet, O Lord, through all a sense
Of Thy tender providence
Stays my failing heart on Thee,
And confirms the feeble knee;

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

And, at times, my worn feet press
Spaces of cool quietness,
Lilied whiteness shone upon
Not by light of moon or sun.
Hours there be of inmost calm,
Broken but by grateful psalm,
When I love Thee more than fear Thee,
And Thy blessed Christ seems near me,
With forgiving look, as when
He beheld the Magdalen.
Well I know that all things move
To the spherul rhythm of love,—
That to Thee, O Lord of all!
Nothing can of chance befall:
Child and seraph, mote and star,
Well Thou knowest what we are!
Through Thy vast creative plan
Looking, from the worm to man,
There is pity in Thine eyes,
But no hatred nor surprise.
Not in blind caprice of will,
Not in cunning sleight of skill,
Not for show of power, was wrought
Nature's marvel in Thy thought.
Never careless hand and vain
Smites these chords of joy and pain;
No immortal selfishness
Plays the game of curse and bless:
Heaven and earth are witnesses
That Thy glory goodness is.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

Not for sport of mind and force
Hast Thou made Thy universe,
But as atmosphere and zone
Of Thy loving heart alone.
Man, who walketh in a show,
Sees before him, to and fro,
Shadow and illusion go;
All things flow and fluctuate,
Now contract and now dilate.
In the welter of this sea,
Nothing stable is but Thee; •
In this whirl of swooning trance,
Thou alone art permanence;
All without Thee only seems,
All beside is choice of dreams.
Never yet in darkest mood
Doubted I that Thou wast good,
Nor mistook my will for fate,
Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—
Never dreamed the gates of pearl
Rise from out the burning marl,
Or that good can only live
Of the bad conservative,
And through counterpoise of hell
Heaven alone be possible.

For myself alone I doubt;
All is well, I know, without:
I alone the beauty mar,
I alone the music jar.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

Yet, with hands by evil stained,
And an ear by discord pained,
I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies;
Still within my heart I bear
Love for all things good and fair.
Hands of want or souls in pain
Have not sought my door in vain;
I have kept my fealty good
To the human brotherhood;
Scarcely have I asked in prayer
That which others might not share.
I, who hear with secret shame
Praise that paineth more than blame,
Rich alone in favours lent,
Virtuous by accident,
Doubtful where I fain would rest,
Frailest where I seem the best,
Only strong for lack of test,—
What am I, that I should press
Special pleas of selfishness,
Coolly mounting into heaven
On my neighbour unforgiven?
Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,
Comes a saint unrecognized;
Never fails my heart to greet
Noble deed with warmer beat;
Halt and maimed, I own not less
All the grace of holiness;
Nor, through shame or self-distrust,

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

Less I love the pure and just,
Lord, forgive these words of mine:
What have I that is not Thine?
Whatsee'er I fain would boast
Needs Thy pitying pardon most.
Thou, O Elder Brother! who
In Thy flesh our trial knew,
Thou, who hast been touched by these
Our most sad infirmities,
Thou alone the gulf canst span
In the dual heart of man,
And between the soul and sense
Reconcile all difference,
Change the dream of me and mine
For the truth of Thee and Thine,
And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,
Interfuse Thy calm of life.
Haply, thus by Thee renewed,
In Thy borrowed goodness good,
Some sweet morning yet in God's
Dim, æonian periods,
Joyful I shall wake to see
Those I love who rest in Thee,
And to them in Thee allied
Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me
What the future life may be.
Other lips may well be bold;
Like the publican of old,

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER

I can only urge the plea,
"Lord, be merciful to me!"
Nothing of desert I claim,
Unto me belongeth shame.
Not for me the crowns of gold,
Palms, and harpings manifold;
Not for erring eye and feet
Jasper wall and golden street.
What Thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
If my voice I may not raise
In the elders' song of praise,
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birthright as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As an hired servant be;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;

The Eternal Goodness



O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;

Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which
A world —

Our Master



Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

OUR MASTER

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign;
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

OUR MASTER

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own;
No jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine.

OUR MASTER

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all Thou art,
Our noisy championship!
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?--
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.

OUR MASTER

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

1866.

Revisited

READ AT "THE LANCET",
ON THE TWENTY-NINTH, 1888
MONTH, 1888



The roll of drums and the hughle's wailing
Vex the air of our vales no more;
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,
The share is the sword the soldier wore!

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom;
Softly and sweet, as the hour becometh,
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature
Temper the triumph and chasten mirth,
Full of the infinite love and pity
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for
ashes,
And the oil of joy for mourning long,
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy
waters
Break into jubilant waves of song!

REVISITED

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north-wind laden
With sweetbrier odours and breath of
kine!

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of thy Plymouth
meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall;
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses
Pour the music and weave the flowers;

REVISITED

With the song of birds and the m of
meadows.

Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,

The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of
mountains,

The breath of the woodlands, bear with
thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,

Mirth and labour shall hold their truce;
Dance of water and mill of grinding,

Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and
glory,

Pride and hope of our home and race,—
Freedom lending to rugged labour

Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,

Hear our greetings and take our thanks;
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims

Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,

Though never His word has stilled thy
waves,

REVISITED

Well for us may thy shores be holy,
With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,
Where the rivers of God are full of water,
And full of sap are His healing trees!

Thomas
Starr King

The great work laid upon his twoscore
years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our
tears,
Who loved him as few men were ever
loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken
plan
With him whose life stands rounded and
approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and
hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way
down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled
town!
Let the strong organ with its loftiest
swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the lan-
tell

REVISITED

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Let the strong organ with its loftiest
swell

Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and
tell

THOMAS STARR KING

That the brave sower saw his ripened
grain.

O East and West! O morn and sunset
twain

No more for ever!—has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one,
and told

Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

1864.

The King's Missive



PRELUDE TO THE KING'S MISSIVE

I spread a scanty board too late;
The old-time guests for whom I wait
Come few and slow, methinks, to-day.
Ah! who could hear my messages
Across the dim unsounded seas
On which so many have sailed away!

Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,
And let us meet, as we have met,
Once more beneath this low sunshine;
And grateful for the good we've known,
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,
Shake hands upon the border line.

The favour, asked too oft before,
From your indulgent ears, once more
I crave, and, if belated lays
To slower, feebler measures move,
The silent sympathy of love
To me is dearer now than praise.

THE KING'S MISSIVE

Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God
forbid!

I will do as the prophet to Agag did:
They come to poison the wells of the
Word,
I will hew them in pieces before the
Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson the
clerk

Entered, and whispered under breath,
"There waits below for the hangman's
work

A fellow banished on pain of death—
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship,
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the devil and all his
sort!"

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,

"The Lord do so to me and more,"

The Governor cried, "if I hang not
all!

Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

THE KING'S MISSIVE

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry
hand

Smote down the offence; but the wearer
said,

With a quiet smile, "By the king's com-
mand

I bear his message and stand in his
stead."

In the Governor's hand a missive he laid
With the royal arms on its seal displayed,
And the proud man spake as he gazed
thereat,

Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat".

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low,—

"The king commandeth your friends'
release;

Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although

To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.

What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,

His loyal servant, questioneth not.

You are free! God grant the spirit you
own

May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,

And, like Daniel, out of the lion's den

Tender youth and girlhood passed,

With age-bowed women and gray-locked
men.

THE KING'S MISSIVE

One brave voice rose above the din.

Upsall, gray with his length of days,
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn.

"Men of Boston, give God the praise!
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.
The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

"I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful City of the Bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,
And none shall his neighbour's rights
gainsay.

The varying notes of worship shall blend
And as one great prayer to God ascend,
And hands of mutual charity raise
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston
town,

Whose painful ministers sighed to see
The walls of their sheepfold falling down,
And wolves of heresy prowling free.

But the years went on, and brought no
wrong;

With milder counsels the State grew
strong,

As outward Letter and inward Light
Kept the balance of truth aright.

THE KING'S MISSIVE

The Puritan spirit perishing not,
To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,
And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot
That severed the chains of a continent.
With its gentler mission of peace and
good-will
The thought of the Quaker is living still,
And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is gospel and law where the martyrs died.

1890.

•

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By their Works



· Call him not heretic whose works attest
His faith, in goodness by no creed confessed.

Whatever in love's name is truly done
To free the bound and lift the fallen one
Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed and
word

Is not against Him labours for our Lord.
When He, who, sad and weary, longing
sore

For love's sweet service, sought the sisters'
door,

One saw the heavenly, one the human
guest,

But who shall say which loved the Master
best?

1881.

The Word



Voice of the Holy Spirit, making known
Man to himself, a witness swift and
sure,
Warning, approving, true and wise and
pure,
Counsel and guidance that misleadeth
none!
By thee the mystery of life is read;
The picture-writing of the world's gray
seers,
The myths and parables of the primal
years,
Whose letter kills, by thee interpreted
Take healthful meanings fitted to our
needs,
And in the soul's vernacular express
The common law of simple righteousness,
Hatred of cant and doubt of human creed
May well be felt; the unpardonable sin
Is to deny the Word of God within!

At Last



When on my day of life the night is
falling,

And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls
decay;

O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me
drifting:

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of
shade and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy
spirit

Be with me then to comfort and uphold;

AT LAST

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I
merit,

No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abound-
ing grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many
mansions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and
striving cease,

And flows for ever through heaven's green
expansions

The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me
stealing,

I fain would learn the new and holy
song,

And find at last, beneath Thy trees of
healing,

The life for which I long.

1881.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

f. 29 *The Wreck of Rivermouth.*

The Goody Cole who figures in this poem and *The Changeling* was Eunice Cole, who for a quarter of a century or more was feared, persecuted, and hated as the witch of Hampton. She lived alone in a hovel a little distant from the spot where the Hampton Academy now stands, and there she died, unattended. When her death was discovered, she was hastily covered up in the earth near by, and a stake driven through her body to exorcise the evil spirit. Rev. Stephen Bachiler or Batchelder was one of the ablest of the early New England preachers. His marriage late in life to a woman regarded by his church as disreputable induced him to return to England, where he enjoyed the esteem and favour of Oliver Cromwell during the Protectorate.

f. 30. *The Grave by the Lake.*

At the mouth of the Melvin River, which empties into Montserrat Bay, in Lake Winnepesaukee, is a great mound. The Ojibee Indians had their home in the neighbourhood of the bay, which is plentifully stocked with fish, and many relics of their occupation have been found.

f. 31. *The Palatine.*

Long Island, in Long Island Sound, called by the Indian *Mattamuskeet*, the Isle of the Little god, was the scene of a tragic accident a hundred years or more ago, when the *Palatine*,

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Where lives High German people and Low Dutch,
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much—
There grows the flax, as also you may know
That from the same they do divide the tow.
Their trade suits well their habitation,—
We find convenience for their occupation."

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief-Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a Description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfurt and Leipzig in 1700 and 1701. His *Lives of the Saints*, &c., written in Germany and dedicated to Professor Schurmberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left behind him many unpublished MSS. covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled *Hive Beestock, Melliotropheum Alucar*, or *Rusca Apium*, still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to a page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of the bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer:—

*"Quisquis in hac furtim reptas viridaria nostra
Tangere fallaci poma catevo manu,
Si non obsequeris saxit Deus omne quod opto,
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta feras".*

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer*, and that able periodical the *Penn Monthly*, of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius:—

"No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and

AUTHOR'S NOTES

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AUTHOR'S NOTES

the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento cannot be granted. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents; *that* Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to the mighty influence of their endeavours to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness", has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering—felt, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as "a feeble folk", with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers like Miles Standish; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Bradstreet. No Cotton Mather wrote their *Magnalia*; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which Satan and his angels were actors; and the only witch mentioned in their single annals was a poor old Swedish woman who, an exemplar of her countrywomen, was tried and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians; indeed, their enemies taunted them with the

AUTHOR'S NOTES

fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilization that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer, "The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no external splendour and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an eternal Word, an Inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world; and all other voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral aisles."

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist—a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colours of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favour may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

In the early part of the present century, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray-stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimac. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Northmen visited the north-east coast of North America, and probably New England, some centuries before the discovery of the western world by Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

f. 112.

Cassandra Southwick.

In 1638 two young persons, son and daughter of Laurence Southwick of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of nearly all his property for having entertained Quakers at his house, were fined for nonattendance at church. They being unable to pay the fine, the General Court issued an order empowering "the Towns of the County to sell the said persons to any of the Plantations of Virginia or Barbadoes, to answer said fine." A vessel was made to carry this order into execution, but no master was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.

f. 125.

Massachusetts to Virginia.

...

AUTHOR'S NOTES

p. 156. *To the Thirty-Ninth Congress.*

The thirty-ninth congress was that which met in 1865 after the close of the war, when it was charged with the great question of reconstruction; the uppermost subject in men's minds was the standing of those who had recently been in arms against the Union and their relations to the freedmen.

p. 169. *Ichabod.*

The poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster in support of the "compromise" and the Fugitive Slave Law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary, my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great Senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and in one of the saddest moments of my life penned my protest. I saw as I wrote with painful clearness its sure results,—the Slave Power arrogant and defiant, strengthened and encouraged to carry out its scheme for the extension of its baleful system, or the dissolution of the Union, the guarantees of personal liberty in the Free States broken down, and the whole country made the hunting-ground of slave-catchers. In the horror of such a vision, so soon fearfully fulfilled, if one spoke at all, he could only speak in tones of stern and sorrowful rebuke.

But death softens all resentments, and the consciousness of a common inheritance of frailty and weakness modifies the severity of judgment. Years after, in *The Lost Occasion*, I gave utterance to an almost universal regret that the great statesman did not live to see the flag which he loves trampled under the feet of slavery, and in view of the desecration, make his last days glorious in defence of "Liberty and Union one and inseparable".

p. 217. *Revisited.*

Read at "The Laurels", on the Merrimac, 6th month, 1865.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

A. 721.

Thomas Starr King.

Published originally as a prelude to the posthumous volume of selections edited by Richard Forthlingham.

A. 723.

The King's Missive.

This ballad, originally written for *The Memorial History of Boston*, describes with pardonable poetic licence a memorable incident in the annals of the city. The interview between Shattuck and the Governor took place, I have since learned, in the residence of the latter, and not in the Council Chamber. The publication of the ballad led to some discussion as to the historical truthfulness of the picture, but I have seen no reason to rub out any of the figures or alter the lines and colours.